

The
**QUEENS
QUILL**

QUEENS COLLEGE
Charlotte, North Carolina

Publication of
THE SPECTATOR CLUB
April, 1941

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DEDICATION



Diana

*The cold clean light of a crescent moon
Lies like a silver dust
Over the patterned court.
The silent statue,
Poised in still peacefulness,
Follows the icy beams with her bow.*

*Painting a perfect picture
Against the lovely curtain of night,
The huntress searches the skies
Where the Dog Star leads in chase.
Her soft dark shadow
Trails—a loyal guard upon her steps.*

—PETE MUNROE.

Winter

*You blow out your breath on a frosty day,
And the white smoke goes off in a cloud
Like the steam from out of the kettle's mouth,
Or a ghost in a filmy shroud.*

KATHREEN MASSIE

My Grecian Urn

*I know Beauty tonight
as the moon shines down
through trees, left barren
by the fall of their leaves;
moon and trees
form a pattern of lace.*

*I feel Truth tonight,
when through the Infinite
comes the light of the stars,
slowly imparting
its needed emanation.*

*I hear Beauty tonight,
as somewhere out of the darkness
a bird sings softly,
yet shrilly,
giving me peace
before stirring me on.*

*I am free tonight, free;
Beauty and Truth are mine.*

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Dottie on a College Bid

DOTTIE, her long hair a dark mass of brushed glamour, strolled with nonchalance and Johnny—her latest boy-feller—into the ballroom. Her black dress and hair gave her that “interesting” pallid look so craved by many, but attained by few. Her eyes constantly went off by themselves on little exploring expeditions to discover how she had done this week-end on the man situation. She had certainly worked hard enough for a corsage from Johnny. He had rewarded her with pink roses—she hadn’t wanted red roses from Johnny; he just wasn’t the type and anyway, at Corbeau U., red roses meant “hands off” in no uncertain terms, she’d been told, and after all, why spoil all chances of a return engagement with anybody but Johnny? What if she should by chance meet her dream man with red roses already on?

She had given the hall a thorough scouring with her large brown orbs and was just about to conclude that she hadn’t done badly in the choice of a male, when in walked her Apollo, in the flesh. She had actually never been so absolutely deflated in all her life. She just stood there with her mouth and eyes open wide and stared at him all the way over to the check room. When her escort irritably demanded to know why all the excitement over Dane Seymour, she truthfully answered that she had dreamed of him only the night before. (This, she knew, would be repeated to the right ears and would, unless she missed her seldom-wrong guess, gain her an introduction to her dream.) By this time her poise and her eyes had returned to her and her pulse to its own normalcy. Nothing bothered her very long; and why shouldn’t she look all pink and pretty when Dane had already started across to her? Dreamer that she was, she was sure that the red-rose tradition was going to be a wonderful institution before very long. Oh, what a grand old world!

—ALICE PAYNE.

Grandmother

THE FIRST MEMORY I have of her is of the joyful expression and outstretched arms with which she received me. When we arrived at her house, she always managed to be sitting on the porch waiting for us. Her ball of knitting would roll unheeded to the floor when she rose to greet us, and it was always my pleasant duty to recover it and laughingly return it to her.

She was a real grandmother. Her cookie box was always full, and her supply of wonderful stories was endless. When I was very young, I liked nothing better than to sit on her lap and listen to the amazing adventures she had experienced as a child during the Civil War. As the years crept by, I became too large to sit on her lap, so I sat at her feet or played beside her as she worked in her beloved flowers. Those tales still held me fascinated, and I would sit for hours as she dreamily spoke of the past.

One day when we were digging in the garden, I stumbled and cut my knee on a piece of broken glass. It bled rather badly. She hurried me to the house and bandaged it, kissing the bandage as a finishing touch.

"That feel better?" she asked. I smiled through my tears and assured her it did, for with that kiss she had taken away my pain.

"You always make them better," I replied. At that she smiled her special smile and told me that was what grandmothers were for.

As the years went by, she became dearer and dearer to me. Each year she became a little more stooped, and a few more wrinkles lined her fine face. But her hair remained the same; only a few grey hairs streaked the blackness of it. I found that she was really a part of my life, and my talks with her were the most enjoyable moments of the day. I was with her only three months of every year, but they were the months I really

loved and enjoyed and remember. Every night, no matter the time, I crept into her room and sat on the foot of her bed. She was interested in what I did, and nothing must do but that I tell her every detail of the party, dance, or picnic from which I had just returned. All the young people interested her, and she loved to hear about their good times, especially when I was included.

For sixteen years we were together for those three perfect months. Her wise advice, of which there was no end, helped me over many of the milestones of youth. Her shoulder was always there for me to cry on; and when I felt blue, she always had a cheerful word.

She believed that every young girl should learn to cook, and I am sure no girl ever had a better teacher. We spent many hours over the old wood stove, and some of my proudest moments were when I lifted a perfect cake or pie from the blackened oven. For sixteen years we shared our secret joys and sorrows. Her ear was the first to hear of my first great romance, and it was she who comforted me when he deserted me. (He was our postman and was transferred to another route.) She lived her first dance over with me and shared her memories with mine. When the young people called, she was such a gracious hostess that they soon learned to love her, too.

For three years now I have been without her wise counsel, without her eager anticipation of my confidences, and without her companionship. But the memory of her smile has guided me through many troublesome experiences, and the quick tears fill my eyes when I think that she has gone, taking forever the peace and quiet I loved.

—NANCY ISENHOUR

So Little Time

Darling,

This will be so very like a magazine story, practically identical in style, material, and procedure. There will be only a few differences. This letter will not be read by millions of people; only you will read it. And, unlike most fiction, this love story will not have a happy ending.

Please, as you read it, remember that I am in love with the person I knew in the *story*, not the you I know *now*, because you have changed. You know that.

The story began on a college campus in late fall. It was lovely that day—the day I met you. Most stories begin where a boy meets a girl, don't they? I remember it was the time of year when leaves were at their undecided stage. There were enough left on the trees to create a sensation among nature lovers. They were all colors, ranging from pale orange to scarlet. You had on an old blue sweat shirt that day. You looked collegiate, I thought, though there was nothing particularly striking about you. I took one look at the glasses and mentally scratched you from my list. I recall you came with Bill to see Linda. There were some other fellows along, but I really didn't notice them. I was out on front campus simply because Linda was campused and couldn't talk to boys. Someone had to be the mediator. The conversation was hopelessly silly and altogether typical of college youth. You said very little, but what you said was pithy. I liked you for two reasons: first, because you smoked a pipe; second, because you were quiet, yet everyone was pleasantly aware of your presence. And I've always admired people who can hold the attention of others without turning handsprings.

I thought about you after you had gone.

The next time I saw you—how vividly I remember each meeting—was at the Kampus Klub House. We drove up in Eleanor's station wagon. There were six of us altogether. You were standing by the club door smoking your pipe. My heart skipped a beat when you sauntered over

to my side of the car and pecked on the glass. I lowered it. You were casual; I could sense no difference between your conversation with me and that with the others. Your indifference was intriguing.

I was born within the next two weeks, born in the sense that I had never really lived until you recognized my existence. There was nothing spectacular about the "realization" on your part. You simply opened your eyes one day, and I was there.

In the weeks that followed I lived in a world saturated with a misty radiance. People became as objects in a fog to me—vague and shadowy. Only *you* were clear to me. When I could be with you, my moods were colorful, alive. I was exuberant, illumined, hilariously happy. I was especially gay on—do you remember?—the day we went to the country. The countryside was beautiful in the winter time. The simple, barren trees gave a quiet dignity to the place, soon to be shattered by the flippant dance of the left-over autumn leaves. We noticed so many things together, you and I: the blue sky, clouds, cold, lifeless fields, dull green pines, the worn pathway wending its lovely way toward the hilltop. We walked together to the top. The wind was blowing hard—on purpose, I think. I was cold. You enveloped me in your big overcoat and kissed me for a sweet, long time.

We made quite a silhouette, the two of us, framed against the sky with wind in our faces and laughter on our lips. I had never been so happy. I was deeply in love with you.

It was all too perfect. Perhaps that is why Fate slapped us hard in our faces and brought us back into the harsh world of reality.

Spring was on the way, inevitably. A few brazen jonquils were up and glaring. Shop windows were sporting multicolored straw hats. I bought a lighter shade of lipstick, which you noticed, of course. I was laughing about your noticing when suddenly I looked straight into your eyes and became afraid—afraid of what I saw there. It was a look that hinted softly of sadness, yet openly expressed fear. I drew away.

Then you began to talk; I listened to you, hearing bits of sentences and allowing my thoughts to dart in here and there. You went to see about a job—(*we could live on love, darling*)—An insurance policy

necessary—(*absurd! I can take care of you*)—The physical examination (*fantastic! You're a man!*)—Leakage of the heart—(*you have mine, darling*)—The doctor's ultimatum: seven months at the most.

I listened to you. I heard you. But I refused to believe what I knew all the time was true. I was numb, speechless, paralyzed, defeated. Tear drops rolled down my cheeks and fell on your hand over mine. I did not sob. But the tear drops marched on like tiny soldiers, down—down—down—

After this you went away from me. You were absorbed by the mad, fancy-free crowd, and you began to live a life of riotous fun. You lived recklessly, hilariously, and foolishly. You forgot about me. Our love affair is over. It was so short, so sweet, so full of you and me, but now—

The months are going by swiftly. Are you all right, Joe darling?

—SARAH THOMPSON.

Spider-Lace

*Grey threads of a spider's web
From trickling liquid of the spider's body
Thin, sticky threads
Tangled into a maze
Fastened into dark corners
Of dingy rooms,
Clinging to damp, cold walls
Of caves,
Hanging between bare twigs
Of trees
Till moonlight, falling
On the spider's web
Charms it into a thing of silver beauty.
Shimmering threads of
Blue-white lace,
Lace that fairy hands
Might have spun
On a silent midnight.
Quietly spins the thin black spider.*

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Things That Make Me Cry

TO MANY the word "cry" is symbolic of the hysterical shedding of torrential tears which so many men consider typical of the self-deficiency of women. It is the essence of feminine weakness which, to them, proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that women are wholly incapable of self-control and therefore are only emotional ninnies. To me, however, this word conjures up no such thoughts of convulsive lamentation. It signifies something deeper which cannot be expressed by vociferous wailings. It is more joy than sorrow, more reverence than passionate emotion, more silence than blatant sobbing. To me, it is the ecstasy of soul-searching which only you yourself can know, nor can any intrude on that sacred sanctuary of memory..

I cry—and yet sometimes it is beyond my power to explain what inner feelings drew the salt tears from my eyes. An old familiar tune, haunted by living memories; the rippling sound of children's laughter, drifting along on a morning breeze; the dancing shadows of a summer twilight, falling on cool, green lawns, and peaceful lanes; the still grey silence of a majestic, winter sunset, burning in a cloudy sky—all these set my heart fluttering with wild impulsiveness at the vague similarity of these and previous tingling moments.

Only when one stands on some rocky shore and watches the roaring surf roll up the beach and recede to pound again, in endless futility, on miles of sand; only when one sees the grey sails of a fishing boat, filled with the softest winds of evening, silhouetted against a crimson vault, and shadowed in a crystal sea; only when the pulsating strains of a great symphony pierce the soul with rapturous beauty—only then can the ecstatic pathos of tears inspire the fiber of one's being.

And yet, little things can stir me, too: the last faint twitter of a bird's goodnight song; the crunch of dry, fall leaves beneath my feet; the new thought in some long-known line of verse; the solemn silence

of an ancient cathedral surrounded by the profound presence of mystery; the icy stillness of the glittering stars; the enduring outline of a distant range of hills, rising beneath the pale radiance of a new moon.

I stand alone with awe-struck, beating heart, not knowing or comprehending why the tears run down my cheeks. I know only how trenchant is that wild, sweet passion which enthralls me as I kneel in reverence at the feet of God—crying.

—PETE MUNROE.

Trelawny--Growing Old

*Here in the sun, in your garden
Lulled by the hum of bees,
Rest your massive back against this wall.
Mark with your eye the soft
Purple shadowed figs against smooth leaves.
In time you will no longer mind
The slow betrayal of old age;
You will forget the lash
Of battle and the sharp cup of youth
Drunk swiftly and without regret.
Perhaps on this prosaic soil
Your restless heart may slow its pace,
Relieved to find this fever, life,
Releasing beat by beat its eager hold—
Here learn peace, remember, and grow old.*

—JULIA EDWARDS.

At The Convent

(Borodin)

*High walls grown grey with age—
Silver tinkle of bells dividing the hours—
Grey dawns and dusks in slow procession pass.
Time in a soft grey shawl
Walks here in silent silver shoes.
The hours pass, as cool and calm
As a silver coin held in a worn old palm.*

Death-Room

*Outside the wind slows, ceases,
And the room fills up with frozen quiet.
Icy the air, and still
As the parchment, immobile face.
Here even a warm-breath'd child
Becomes as motionless and cold
As the waxen petals of a colorless, scentless rose.*

—JULIA EDWARDS.

Miss Pamela

"An Imitation of Galsworthy's Quality"

MISS PAMELA DAVIS had made clothes for my mother; and when I was old enough, I had a form in her shop. It was a small out-of-the-way place, but the three rooms were comfortable and restful. I loved to go there and sit in the old blue chair and lazily let my eyes follow the pale blue waves on the walls. I looked for a stray pin each time I went, but I never found one. Nor did I ever see a piece of material peeping from a drawer of the old mahogany chest.

The front bay window was the only place of advertisement. They, Miss Pamela and her sister, did not need publicity to bring customers to their shop; and, somehow, the thought of their placing an advertisement in one of the papers was like putting up one's house at auction, for each dress they worked on showed their pains and personality as well as that of the wearer-to-be.

Miss Pamela did very fine work. She could tat lace so fairy-like that I used to wonder—as a child will wonder—if she had not taken lessons from the spiders. She could embroider so beautifully that I was ever tempted to ask her how long she had stayed in the Orient. But when I looked into her small face, I knew that she had never thought of fairies, nor yet of the East. Her life had consisted of only two things: her sister and her sewing.

Once I remember having told Miss Pamela about a small ruffle which had unseamed itself. She said nothing, but her pale blue eyes showed such feeling and concern for the ruffle that my heart was heavy with reproach. At length she said to herself, and yet to me, "The frill came undone?" I tried to think of some excuse for the piece of material; but none came, and I left the shop with the desire to bury my head in shame.

I went away to school after that and for several years missed the rooms of the little seamstress. When I came back home, I went once more to the shop and found the three rooms had become one. The bay window was full of dresses that did not show the workmanship of the neat lady in pale blue. I entered and asked for Miss Pamela. The attendant led me to a back room, and there I found my old friend. At first she did not recognize me, but after we had talked a few minutes, she said, "We shall have to make you another form."

She told me of her sister's death—how she had missed her! She said nothing of having to give up the front of her shop, but I knew that this too had hurt her deeply.

But, somehow, I did not realize till later the full extent of the grief she must have borne, for I was too happy. I had come this time to be measured for a most wonderful dress, my wedding dress. Miss Pamela and I planned each careful stitch.

And so the days flew as Miss Pamela's fingers must have flown, because a few days later when I entered the small room, I found the gown finished. I did not think it strange that Miss Pamela did not rise to greet me; for after seeing the dress, I could only stare at it as she was staring. She bade me try it on, and so I did. I drifted towards her. And then it was her sad eyes closed—forever. As I leaned over her in the white cloud of my dress, I fancied I heard her gently breathe, "Well done."

—JOYCE RUTH.

Portrait

THE FIRST THING you noticed about him was that he smelled rankly of fish—not fresh fish, mind you, but just-about-to-be-rotten-fish. If you could bear the odor long enough to get close to him, then you could examine his lean, mackinaw-covered frame and his tall boots, now wet with the spray and half-encrusted with sand. Under the brim of a nor'wester his keen blue-grey eyes looked like bits of the sea

taken in the dusk of a stormy day. Gray flecked and coarsely unruly brows wandered about above his eyes, here and there caressingly curving about a tiny wrinkle. You couldn't really see the gentle line of his mouth because he looked so stern, but somehow you knew it was there, perhaps as he glanced at a nearby sandpiper, perhaps as his feet carefully avoided the remnants of a last summer's sand castle, left high among the dunes and protected with shells. His skin was unusual; beaten with sandy sprays and knifed by unfeeling winds, it had survived remarkably well, showing only one scar, a triangular rise on the left cheek bone.

If he smiled a little, you didn't notice the fish stench so much; you just saw the way his lips parted ever so lightly and the way the sunlight came into his storm-blue eyes. And if he spoke, you heard nothing but the compellingly deep resonance of his voice.

—SALLY PARDEE.

The Crime

I HAVE COMMITTED the perfect murder. My nerves are unshaken, calm. As I mix with my fellow man, in no manner do I betray myself. They can not know that so short a while ago I approached my victim with a terrifying slowness while he squirmed in agony and threw wide his arms and feet in death thrashings. I laughed—yes, I laughed as I delivered the death blow. There was a brief silence before he rasped out his last chortling sigh, and I—the deed done—took his body off into the night to safely dispose of it. He will not be missed—no, for he has too many relatives, too many shallow-minded, grasping relatives intent only on scraping their next meal off somebody's pantry shelf. It wasn't my first murder, but it was my first *perfect* murder. No clues, no hint of the deed remain. And how pleased my wife will be when she finds that I have learned the technique of smashing a beetle without making a mess of things.

ELIZABETH ISAACS.

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Silver Story

*Even as I press my head against the cool shadow of the column,
I feel your nearness.*

*As I stand straight and tense against your coming,
Your low call draws me out into the moon-splashed darkness,
Down the grassy front walk,
My heart speaking wildly in my throat.
I look at you in the half-light and I am silent as always.
My hands strive with the gate latch while I look my love.
But you reach over swiftly—hold me hard against you,
Hard against the gate with the little cruel white points,
And after an exquisite moon-brushed moment, stand at my side,
Graceful and dark.*

*The moon throws shadows in the hollows of your brow
And on your hair, and the whole dark length of you in the porch
coolness.*

*The honeysuckle twists my heart with sudden pain
Too sweet to endure.*

*Sharp footfalls on the street come and are gone, echoing in the silver
stillness,*

And my heart-beats sing aloud in the quiet.

A bird speaks coolly from the dark.

The soft summer night is stirred by a sudden breeze

Which murmurs through the leaves and thrills the ruffle at my neck.

*All night-things are suddenly silent while the scent of honeysuckle
hangs sweet and strong.*

*Then the wind-whispers die; the crickets chant again; the little restless
sounds of night return.*

This is a living, breathing hour.

*I walk with you to the white gate.
Tiny webs, new-flung across the way, quivering with dew, stretch as
we go and break—
And we have no thought of them.
The white heavy light of the moon burns each leaf in the midnight.
You are very tall. A wisp of trailing Spanish moss falls across your
face . . .
And then
Your kiss is silver like the night.*

*When you lean back against the rough trunk,
Strangely silent as was I, then I know
Your thoughts burn under the white moon like the leaves.*

*Silently, I leave you at the gate and walk the path again,
I press my head against the cool pillar and listen.
The night grows still once more and holds its breath.*

*Faintly now I hear your steps, more distant,
And then I close my eyes
To make this moment mine—
This breathless moment seared with silver.*

—ELIZABETH ISAACS.

Alias John Bull

NAZI AGENT NUMBER 8 smiled to himself as the last section of the big bomber was wheeled into place and welded there. A sleek, beautiful thing to be such a monster, he thought, but only a fit present for the guns of the Vaterland.

He had never been quite able to decide whether it had been his own ingenuity or the hand of Fate that had placed Fritz and himself in so strategic a position in the British airdrome. It was during that crucial lull just before war was officially declared that they had been dropped in parachutes on an isolated coast. It was at his suggestion that they disguised themselves as laborers and found work in the straining factories. Others had not been so lucky, but right now he had no time to mourn their misfortune. He had been given the formula for "petrified oil," a simple clever process consisting of merely dropping an extremely complex chemical into the lubricating oil of the planes. At high altitudes it would harden to the tenacity of steel. Better than a thousand anti-aircraft guns—it struck silently with an assuredness of which only death can boast. Number 8 worked quickly, pouring the oil on the innermost machinery of the plane.

It was tonight that the major air raid was planned on an industrial center. It was tonight that the planes of the R. A. F. would fail to reach their goal. He stopped suddenly; someone was coming, and he had only finished one plane. Oh well, there would be time later to grease the rest.

At this moment young Fritz came ambling across the field, fastening his helmet and gloves as he walked. His thoughts were still concerned with his conversation with the general whom he had just left. The grim-faced Englishman had given his orders reluctantly as though he hated to admit the youthful pilot was to lead the squadron.

"Because you seem to understand completely the territory which you are to destroy," he had said. How true, thought Fritz, ironically, how

very true. After all, it was the town in which he had been born. Long he had awaited his chance to strike a cutting blow at the British, never knowing just how to reach their most vulnerable spot. Now the time had come, it was clear what must be done. In the lead plane he would direct the flight straight to bewildered little Belgium, where a few well-directed bombs would destroy its faith in the Allied Powers, perhaps cutting off their way into Germany. The cover of darkness would keep the flyers from knowing what they had done until they returned. Dodging away from the others, he would cross the border. Home again.

Hours later, somewhere over the Channel, Fritz watched the propeller slice rhythmically into the thickening fog. He fairly glowed with anticipation. What honors would his country bestow upon him for this gigantic joke on the British? He might even be allowed to meet the Great Dictator . . .

The fog flowed chokingly in through the ventilation slits. He signalled the other planes that they must climb to clearer atmosphere. He pointed the nose of the machine upward and looked around to see the other pilots obligingly follow suit. Minutes lagged by as they neared their destination. The Nazi's heartbeat quickened, for Aryan blood boils easily. Revenge would increase the high destiny of his nation's past to a higher destiny in the future.

He made a fleeting inspection of the controls and juggled the bomb releases. Now was the time—now! He took a deep breath, bracing himself for the dive. His hand went out to the stick. He tugged fiercely.

It was frozen in its place.

—CATHERINE GREENE.



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Gas

IT WAS THE evening of a cold, blustery March 31. The young widow turned down the light and pulled the covers well up over the sleeping children. The beds and the covers were just about all she had left since the little insurance money had run out. The unexpected death of her young husband had been such a shock to her that she had been too grief-stricken to get out and find a job until almost all of his insurance money had been spent. And when she had finally realized her situation and applied for jobs here and there, she had been told "they were sorry, but there was nothing for a woman like that." So she had gone on existing on the meager insurance and paying her bills as best she could.

Only now the bills still kept coming and the monthly checks did not. She had stalled her creditors again and again, always hoping, praying for something to turn up, but still the bills came. She had had her telephone taken out, the piano, then all of the furniture except a couple of tables and the two beds that her children were sleeping in. The creditors were hounding her and threatening to allow her no more credit unless she made some payment. Still the bills came in.

At last she decided that rather than have her children starve to death, with herself standing by helplessly watching, she would release them from this cruel life. She understood the greatness of her decision, but finally decided it would be worth it to get away from the worry and cares of the misunderstanding world. She remembered the gas stove, and a little courage came back to her. She looked out the window at the big town clock. It was just eight o'clock. If she went to bed now and cut on the gas jets, by morning they would all be dead and oblivious of the accursed bills.

She smiled grimly as she thought of the newest gas bill that had come only this morning. Well, this time tomorrow the gas company would

not have to worry anymore about *her* not paying. She would not be in a position to pay it.

Then the sickening picture of paupers' funerals for herself and children came to her, and she almost wished she had not decided on this last desperate step. Why, perhaps tomorrow's mail would contain the answer to all her problems in the form of a job of some sort. But she pushed this thought from her mind as she closed and locked the windows and the door. If she turned back now, she would never again have an ounce of self-respect. She determinedly turned on the two gas jets as far as they would go.

She went to bed, silently thanking God that it was almost over—this terrible suffering, the horrible humiliation of being poverty-stricken and not able to bring up her children in a decent manner.

* * * *

A loud knocking on the door awakened her, and a scornful voice rang out, "More *mail* for you, Miz Smith!" She hurried to the door with a very guilty conscience and a very red face and took the mail. Swiftly she opened the envelopes—nothing new in these, she thought. Then she stopped, picked up one of the letters again, and re-read these lines:

Dear Madam:

We regret to inform you that your long overdue bill can run no longer. We are forced to discontinue your gas supply, as of March 31, until such time as you may find it convenient to settle your account with us.

The Dependable Gas Supply Co.

—ALICE PAYNE.

The Lord's Universal Prayer

"Our Father which art in heaven—"

A lonely orphan

Crouched midst war's sad gloom

Looks up to God from his dead father's tomb.

"Hallowed be thy name—"

A kindly bishop

Before the candle's glow

Murmurs his praise in accents deep and slow.

"Thy kingdom come—"

The early martyr

Burning slow to death

Whispers this prayer to God with fleeting breath.

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven—"

A mother prays

Above her baby's bed,

As fever burns within its tiny head.

"Give us this day our daily bread—"

A starving child

Lifts pleading hands to heaven,

Asking for what no selfish man has given.

"And forgive us our debts—"

A criminal prays

His sins are all forgiven;

Through his own faith his soul has newly risen.

"As we forgive our debtors—"

The Savior cried

As 'round the cross men drew—

"Forgive them, Lord; they know not what they do."

*"And lead us not into temptation—"
True pilgrims marched,
Seeking the narrow way.
They lived in solemn guise from day to day.*

*"But deliver us from evil—"
Brave pioneers
Blazed trails that still abide,
Trusting in God for help 'gainst heathern tribes.*

*"For thine is the Kingdom and the power—"
A stately king
Kneels 'neath a vaulted dome
Acknowledging God the ruler of all thrones.*

*"And the glory forever—"
Thousands of saints
Around the Lamb proclaim
Glory, power to God's own holy name.*

*It echoes back from out the hearts of men
Glory and honor and power and might—"Amen"*

—PETE MUNROE

Mirrored

*The tears of self-pity in my heart
Have splashed upon the windows of my soul,
Painting my glass with mercury
So that my blinded eyes can't see
The misery outside my heart.*

—PETE MUNROE

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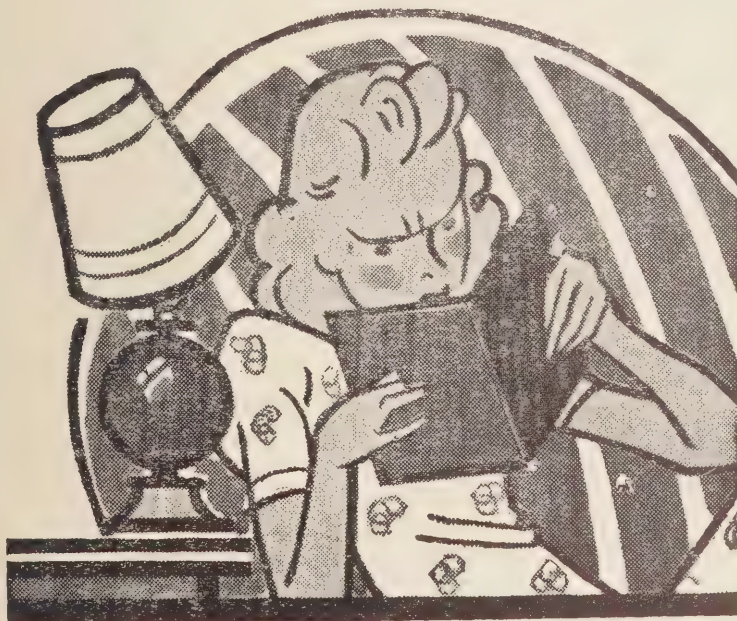
Deb Shop

DIXIE KRISP

FAMOUS FOR THEIR FLAVOR

POTATO CHIPS

Compliments of
A FRIEND



*What's Wrong
With This
Picture?*

Even Gwendolyn ought to know that eyes can be strained under bad light. Why invite eye-strain when good lights are so cheap. A nickel will light a 100-watt bulb every night for a week. If a few extra pennies of light will give your family real reading comfort, why put it off any longer? See the grand new Certified I. E. S. lamps. They're beauties—and they'll go a long way toward light-conditioning your home.

EYESIGHT IS PRICELESS - - -
LIGHT IS CHEAP!

DUKE POWER COMPANY

Fires

*Lingering here in the chill and darkness
Before the fireplace,
I think of you,
Standing on this hearth.
One hand was on the mantel. . . .
Remember?
The other in your pocket.*

*"You know," you said,
"I think people's lives are like
Fires.
Sometimes slow and smouldering,
As though they had been there always,
Would be there always.
Never giving much heat,
Hardly really alive,
Just
Smouldering.
And then, others
Flare up in such eagerness,
Bright and mellow and consuming . . .
And then are gone."*

*The log fell apart,
And you turned to leave.*

*For one short instant
I had warmed my hands
By the fire of your heart . . .
Now I stoop to gather a handful
Of blackened ashes . . .
Perplexed.*

—LUCY HASSELL.

Seasons

*April came—giving life a lilt,
After old hopes, old sorrows dissolved,
Left life empty with dreams unbuilt.
Each tree welcomed new life. . .
And so did I.*

*The stars sang; all was solemn, still,
Save their melody, their symphony.
Here was a new dream, a new thrill.
Raindrops sealed each promise . . .
The world was mine.*

*Warm July—with quiet sunsets.
Now we are sharing our hopes, our joys.
New dreams are young violets
Pulsating with life. . .
Giving beauty.*

*October—there's beauty in death,
In the warm colors at life's sunset.
Lovely memories fill love's last breath.
My love still loving cries
His love is dead.*

—LOUISE BLUE.

Brahms

*Like a vast tide
Music swells from violin
And drum. Receding,
Leaves the upturned faces
Of listeners immaculate, aglow.*

—JULIA EDWARDS.

Lucielle's

of CHARLOTTE

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THE FASHION SUN . . . FOR
DRESSES AND FORMALS AND
COATS AND THINGS . . . LOOK
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PHONE 3-0303—CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Vignettes

Selected for picturesque value of speech, and beauty of thought and language.

AS I WALKED IN, the few children who were there stood around in bashful groups of one.—*Marjorie Imbody* . . . The lush gold of sunlight trickling through the scarlet leaves of a maple tree gave an effect of changeable taffeta.—*Sarah Bailey* . . . The faculty reception would be comparable to a walk through Dante's Inferno.—*Bette Jane Furay* . . . When I returned to my home town, the only change I could discover was that the loafers in front of the barber shop had shifted the position of their "chaws of tobaccy" . . . During the encampment of Sherman's army in an old frame church of my home town, one of Sherman's followers inscribed in the pulpit Bible words to the effect that the minister of the church was to pray for "Old Abe" the following Sunday and to preach on a certain text "by order of General Sherman."—*Mary Thomas Carswell* . . . Nothing but a few trees standing like misshapen monsters again the sullen sky and whitened bones turned from their coffin of soil by a peasant's plow remain to show the spot where the major battle took place. Inescapable are the bits of metal dropped, as by hail-storm on the fertile ground. The peasants curse as the plow hits a hidden lump of iron that once was a destroyer of life. Futile was this struggle, for now the spring weather and spring rain would bring up the shoots to feed the children who, when they became men and gained wisdom, would fertilize the ground with blood and bones and make their sons curse as they plowed the fertile fields of Normandy.—*Bette Jane Furay*. . . . When on a prescribed diet, one finds that sizzling steaks and French fried potatoes must vanish into a tooth-pick and a piece of lettuce.—*Catherine Patterson*. . . . My sister is going to be very beautiful when she finds that glamour is about the most foreign attribute of real beauty.—*Eloise Pickard*. . . . My purpose in coming to college is, perhaps unfortunately, selfish and self-centered. I want only to improve myself—soul, mind, and body. I have no particular interest in contributing

to the consummation of education in any school, in the blossoming of other young personalities, or in the furtherance of any great cause. In short, I expect college to give me more than I shall ever be able to offer it.—*Gloria Coppala* . . . She had a high, quick voice. She sounded as if she would never have time to tell the world all she had to tell it.—*Nancy Baker*. . . Robert Burns's poetry will live in the world as long as there are sympathy, kindness, and—Scotchmen.—*Alice Payne*. . . The very smallness of my village gives it a dignity all its own.—*Kitty Beckett*. . . Some people arise at 6:30, have time to read the head-lines and the society page, eat a healthy breakfast, and make a telephone call before leaving for work or school. Naturally, they arrive in time to help the janitor unlock and fire-up. But some have found it more pleasant to set a later time than 6:30 for awakening, and then to linger comfortably fifteen minutes or so after the alarm, planning their day or remembering what fools they made of themselves the night before.—*Peggy Bell*. . . Asking for knowledge of the purpose of life is very much like knocking at a strange door. Some tap timidly and briefly, then quietly go away when there is no answer. Others knock firmly and persistently, and when the door remains closed to them, they bang wildly and hurt their fists.—*Gloria Coppala*. . . In the spring a young man's fancy turns to love; a woman's fancy turns to spring clothes; bees turn to flowers; and my nose turns to a box of Kleenex with the acquisition of my new spring cold.—*Margaret Powell*.

From Other Magazines

There echoed only the gallop of the alarm clock on the side-board . . . In its unpainted gracelessness the little moon-speckled house in the shadows still spoke to him of Anne.—*Nancy Lee Anderson*. . . Where are those timid bits of powdery nothingness that folded their wings on the quivering heather and leaned on the arm of the gentle East Wind?—*Edna Rainville*. . . She finds . . . my nerves draped around like so many ribbons on a goal post. . . My rodent friends are too busy reducing my satin mules to mere colts even to consider the matter.—*Betty*

McBride. . . . A straight, prim picket fence seemed to enclose a small section of the peace and quiet of long ago.—*Martha Sue Taylor*. . . . The plaza is filled with life and lustiness pervaded with an incongruous mixture of garlic, frangipani blooms, and early morning mass.—*Alma Symonds*. . . . It's all right when great men play with little things, but it's terrible when little men play with great things.—*Mary Jo Webb*. . . . Act the man and the gentlemen. But if a choice should ever fall between the two, act the man first.—*Beryl Davis*.

Cameo

By CAROL MARSHALL

The moon is an ancient lady,
With a face of carved ivory;
The blackness of night is her hair.
Caught by tangled stars crushed in it
Gleams a mantilla of delicate lace—
Aerial wisps of cloud.

Reprinted from *Distaff*.

The Green Wave

A green little chemist,
On a green spring day,
Mixed some green little chemicals,
In a green little way.
The green little grasses
Now tenderly wave
On the green little chemist's
Green little grave.

—*The Spotlight*.

